

Poetry

WHEN MARTENS FOLLOW SPRING.

On the roof tree sparrows chattered,
And the gathering martens cried;
Autumn's gold the glades bespattered,
As a lover's kiss a pillow—
As I pleaded, "Oh, below! one on my bosom fold
thy wing."
"Yes," she answered, red-looking upward—"when
the martens follow spring."
So I watched the snowflakes falling,
With a gladness naught could chill,
In the warmth of hope forestalling
Joys which patience must fulfill.
Yet, within, I whispered, lowly, "To this breast
my love will cling
When the blossoming hawthorn reddens, and the
martens follow spring."
Soon the violet dotted her cover,
And the snowdrop rang her bell;
Cuckoos tressed the hazels over,
And the dove formed on the fell.
Then I knelt, and whispering, pleaded, "Lo, be-
low! the thrushes sing!"
Faint she answered, "For me never will the mar-
tens follow spring."
Close I looked and on her forehead
Marked the pencillings of pain;
Saw her limpid eyes fall closed,
Like fabled pools of stored rain.
And I cried aloud, stern, stricken, "Oh, below!
one stay thy wing!"
For life comes, comes surely, when the martens
follow spring.

IN ANSWER.

"Lang's and the world laughs with you,"
Yes, I see the joke;
For there's many a quip the world lets slip,
That would make a humorist chuckle.
"Sing, and the hills will answer."
As they do if you loud enough weep;
My song is low and soft, and rhythmic show
The echoes will sigh and sleep.
"Believe and men will seek you."
First, I give if they stay'd away;
On a desert lone one would seldom smile,
And glad would be king all day.
"Be glad and your friends are many;"
"Be sad, and you lose them all!"
There was once a man who never heard that—
That cherished some moose's small.
"Feast and your halls are crowded."
Yes, if the dinner's good!
"Succeed and give, and it helps you live;"
It would, of course, if it could.
"There is room in the halls of pleasure,
For a large and lordly train."
We are very glad, it would be quite said
If a party stay'd it out in the rain!

—Nortwestern Herald.

Miscellaneous.

IN QUEST OF A HUSBAND.

"It is uphill work. Life is not all beer
and skittles, is it?"
"I have not found it so certainly!"
Captain Langton looked across at the
proud, handsome face of Helen Stanley,
then glanced around the shabby, ill-fur-
nished little room. His blue eyes were
full of sympathy and genial friendliness
when he turned them again in the direc-
tion of his companion.
"Poor old Helen!" he murmured. "It
is hard lines."
These two had known each other well in
the "better days" when Helen had been
surrounded by the comforts and luxuries
that it seemed natural to suppose would
always belong to the only child of the
wealthy Robert Stanley. Fast friends
they were before an unlucky turn of
Fortune's wheel left Helen stranded—
the money spinner gone, and with him the
whole fabric that had been so substantial.
They had been boy and girl together, and
it was to Helen that George Langton first
confessed his determination to "go to
sea," with his father's approval if possible,
and without it if needful.
George Langton's professional duties
had necessarily frequently interrupted the
even course of his friendship, and since
Helen's reverses it had been in danger of
total collapse.

"I had such a hunt for you," observed
the Captain presently. "No one could
tell me where you had stowed yourself.
Were you surprised to see me?"

"Not very. I saw by the paper that
your ship had come in."

The calm tones of her voice told nothing
of the eager search she was in the
habit of making for information respect-
ing the vessel, or of the intense interest
with which she marked out its course and
speculated as to its whereabouts.

"I wish then you had saved me all this
trouble by letting me know where you
were to be found," said the captain, in a
matter of fact way.

Helen smiled a significant little smile.
"I see. What a pity it is you are so
proud, Helen! I always told you it spoils
you."

"Proud! I?" she asked, with raised eye
brows.

"Yes—proud as Lucifer and as obstinate
as the very—"

She interrupted him with a burst of
laughter, harsh and forced.

"I have so much to be proud of, haven't I?" she said, with an ironical
sweep of her hand around the dingy room.

Captain Langton was silent for a little
while. He felt annoyed, and almost wish-
ed he had made no effort to find her out.
He had come so full of generous good will
and pity for her, and she seemed so dis-
tressed by her old manner and supercilious
voice to resist his advances. He would
so gladly help her if she would let him;
but the old family relation seemed
broken up, all the freedom and good-fel-
lowship gone.

"You are changed, Helen," he said, at
length, with something like a sigh.

"Changed? How am I changed?"

"I cannot exactly define how; but you
are awfully changed. What has become
of all the sparkle and dash?"

"Poor Helen! Then, as if impressed
with the force of a sudden conviction—"

"I cannot think how it is you have not
married."

She looked up quickly; her pale face
flushed crimson.

"It is strange, seeing what opportuni-
ties I have," she answered, with quiet sar-
casm.

"You must have had lots of chances
though."

"If I had, I let them go. Men don't
marry penniless governesses."

"You are clever," he continued, with
brotherly frankness, "and most fellows
would call you handsome."

"Which means that you don't."

"I never did, you know. I don't ad-
mire dark women."

"You are candid at all events."

"We two never waste much sentiment
upon each other. Don't you remember
how we used to squabble and fight, Helen?"

She did not join in his mirth, and there
was an awkward pause in the conversa-
tion. She was very difficult to get on
with. Captain Langton wondered how it
was the difficulty had never struck him
before.

"It must be lonely for you," he observ-
ed, making another effort to break
through the barrier of reserve that she
seemed bent upon setting up between
them. "But you have friends—you see
people sometimes?"

"My pupils and my landlady—and her
husband occasionally."

"Pshaw! I mean men and women of
your own class."

"I have no class. My friends have
drifted away from me."

"Or you from them?"

"As you like. It comes to the same
thing."

There was silence again. Helen sat
with her hands clasped loosely in her lap,
and a face as cold and impenetrable as
that of the Sphinx. Captain Langton
seemed to have fallen into a brown study,
with his eyes fixed upon the fire in the
tiny grate.

"I have it," he cried, suddenly waking
up, his face full of the energy and mis-
chief that Helen remembered as two of
his chief characteristics—"I have it,
Look here, Helen! What is the use of
your muddling on like this?"—with a com-
prehensive glance which took in the con-
tents of the comfortable little chamber.

"Suppose we two lay our heads together
and go to work systematically in search
of a husband for you?"

She looked at him for a moment in be-
wildered surprise, then burst into laugh-
ter. The vehement earnestness with
which he made this droll proposition was
irresistible, and her mirth was genuine
enough in spite of herself. Delighted
with his success, Captain Langton con-
tinued—

"I am not joking. It is to be done, I
tell you. There will really be no diffi-
culty about it, if you will put yourself into
my hands and obey directions. Let me
see. I have it all arranged. You must act
the part of widow—you used to be a good
hand at acting, Helen—take a passage in
the *Edinboro' Castle*, and before we reach
Melbourne I wager you anything you like
the thing will be done!"

"What nonsense you are talking,
George!" she exclaimed.

But her eyes from some unknown cause
were kindling into fire, and her face seem-
ed to be catching some of the life and
energy of his.

"It isn't nonsense! I have often
thought it would be a most interesting
campaign, and perfectly legitimate. You
are wasting your life here. You would
make a capital wife for some fellow, I'm
convinced. Of course you shall have
freedom of choice in the matter. Why, it
is the simplest thing in the world! Men
have nothing else to do on board a sailing
vessel but to quarrel among themselves
and fall in love with the women."

"How have you contrived to escape
then?" she asked coldly.

"Oh, I'm not a marrying man! Be-
sides, the captain has the ship to attend
to. It is only the passengers that get into
the messes of that sort. I have seen some
odd love-making and some strange match-
es."

"And you seem anxious to add to your
experience?"

"No. I only want to see you comfort-
ably settled and happy."

"The possibility of your having no
passengers' heart whole and fancy free'
does not appear to enter into your calcu-
lations."

"I don't care what the state of a man's
heart may be when he comes on board;
with a little management a clever woman
can twist the warriest and most indiffer-
ent round her little finger before she has
been at sea a week."

"Providing there are any to twist."

"I'll see that you don't take your pas-
sage till we're satisfied on that point."

"Suppose half a dozen other maidens
embark with the same worthy object, all
boasting of metal more attractive than
myself?"

"You have not much to fear. Widows
have the advantage of unmarried girls, I
notice; they have more liberty. A starlit
night, time hanging heavily on a fellow's
hands, and a good-looking widow cling-
ing to his arm—Ah, I could put you
up to no end of wrinkles, Helen!"

Whether Captain Langton was really
serious when he first propounded his
most original notion Helen could not say;
but as he proceeded he grew very much
in earnest, and there was a certain fasci-
nation in his hearty, vigorous method of
argument. He went on enlarging upon
the subject and filling in the details till
he persuaded himself that it would be a
desirable thing, a good thing, and more-
over, a very amusing thing to assist
Hymen in his selection of a spouse for
Helen. He grew more and more excited
and enthusiastic as he saw that Helen's
face was flushing and softening under the
influence of some feeling which seemed to
transform the cold, proud woman of an
hour before into the warm-hearted friend
of his youth. At last he rose to take his
departure.

"Then it is agreed, Helen," he said.
"You'll come on board as my sister. But
I will see you again to make final arrange-
ments."

"It will be as easy to find work in Aus-

tralia as here, I suppose?" Helen surmised,
that is the most effective, if you could
manage it. Ask advice about every mor-
tal thing, from how to make profitable
investments to the arrangement of your
head-gear. Affect helplessness systemat-
ically, and throw into your conversation
a few pathetic remarks concerning the
"dear departed."

"I will tell no untruths," she said
shortly.

"What is this then?" he asked, touch-
ing her black gown.

The angry color rushed to her cheeks;
but before she could reply she was in-
terrupted by a knock at the door and a
voice that announced that the pilot was
about to leave the ship.

"All right—I'll be with you directly,"
cried Captain Langton. "I must be off,"
he added, turning again to Helen. "I
have forgotten whether you said you were
a good sailor; but in any case it will be
well for you to keep your cabin for a day
or so. It will excite interest and specu-
lation, which I shall take care to encour-
age. By the way, I shall keep a place for
you at my table, and I'll manage to find
room also for the fellows I spoke of."

"Thank you," she said stiffly.

And he went away, saying to himself
sadly—

"She is changed; there's no fun in her
at all!"

A somewhat odd expression took pos-
session of Helen's handsome features as
she turned in the direction of her own
cabin.

"I wonder if there was ever such a
miserable woman in the world as I am?"
she murmured, when she had gained the
tiny chamber which was to be hers during
the voyage, and there was grim amuse-
ment mingled with scorn in the smile
with which she asked herself the ques-
tion.

Captain Langton's suggestion was re-
ligiously carried out, and for the space of
three days "Mrs. Stanley" remained a
close prisoner in her cabin. At the end
of that time she appeared in the saloon
just as the passengers had settled down
to breakfast, causing no small sensation
by her advent among them. Her face
was exceedingly pale, and there were dark
rings around her eyes, which were a soft-
ened melancholy expression, infinitely
touching, the "young fellow named Col-
lins" thought. Indeed so altered was her
whole manner and appearance that Cap-
tain Langton, rising to meet her, whisper-
ed, in a tone so concerned as to bring the
truant blood fluttering to her cheeks
again—

"Have you been really ill, Helen?"

"No," she said, raising eyes to his in
which he thought he saw traces of tears.

"What has been the matter then?"

"Nothing, except that I have been fol-
lowing your advice, and it wasn't very
lively."

"We'll soon put that all right," said
he cheerfully; then aloud—"This is your
place, Helen; allow me to introduce you
to your neighbor. My sister, Mrs. Stan-
ley—Doctor Duff."

And she found herself seated between
that gentleman and Captain Langton,
while the "long-headed Scot," whose
every faculty seemed at present to be con-
centrated upon his making a satisfactory
meal, and the embryo shepherd, who em-
ployed all his time in gazing, sat opposite.

It was evident that the heart of this hap-
less youth was all unprepared for attack,
and he surrendered it weakly there and
then, before the enemy had fired a single
shot or even decided to aim in his direc-
tion at all.

And now a new order of things set in
on board the *Edinboro' Castle*.

It was wonderful how easily a clever and
ingenious person of either sex may be-
come the centre and mainspring of a small
community surrounded and confined by
the monotonous ocean. Those who had
already begun to feel the effects of ennui
experienced a delightful sensation of curi-
osity the moment their eyes fell upon
Mrs. Stanley's handsome face and grace-
ful figure with its clinging black drapery.

Without apparent effort, from the hour
she took her place in their midst till the
day she had farewell to most of them for
ever, she became the centre of attraction
of that small floating world. Admired,
disparaged, praised, or blamed, she was a
never-ending source of conversation
and surmise. With consummate art she
ingratiated herself with the matrons,
stole the goodwill of the maidens, and
took by storm the hearts of the men. She
played chess with Mr. McBrier, talked
sentiment and politics with Doctor Duff,
and sang duets with the enamored Collins.

In fact, was the pivot upon which all
things social turned on board the *Edin-
boro' Castle*.

Captain Langton, from his position of
looker-on at the game, marvelled exceed-
ingly, and was much perplexed. Could
this be "acting?" Involuntarily he
found himself wondering and contem-
plating with as much interest as the rest.

It was not long before it became ap-
parent to all that the infatuation of "young
Collins" was reaching a climax, and equal-
ly evident presently, when the youth
sought by himself in a corner, and Helen
sought the protection of the feminine
element, that some adverse current was
interfering with love's course.

"What's up now, Helen?" asked Cap-
tain Langton, seizing a brief opportunity
as she passed him in the companion way.

"What do you mean?"

"What is the matter with young Col-
lins?"

"How should I know?"

"I say, Helen," continued he, laying
his hand on her arm to detain her, "why
do you treat me so differently from all the
other fellows?"

"Do I treat you differently?" she asked
calmly.

"By George, I should think so! To
me you are gracefulness itself, to me
you—"

"I have no designs upon you, remem-
ber," she interrupted, with a mocking
laugh, as she escaped and ran past him
lightly.

It was evening, and the wind, which
had risen, was moaning dimly through
the rigging. Long parallel lines of black
cloud, suggestive of rain, hung on the
horizon. The poop was deserted, with
the exception of one solitary figure, which

seemed absorbed in contemplation of the
straggling line of foam left in the vessel's
wake. Captain Langton, pacing the deck
lazily with a cigar in his mouth, caught
sight of this figure, and made toward it,
quickening his steps as recognition dawned
upon him.

"Is that you, Helen?" His voice start-
led her, so intensely was she thinking.

"What are you doing up here alone?" he
continued. "Why are you not below
with the other passengers?"

"I am enjoying my privileges for once!"
she retorted.

"You must be cold; let me get you a
shawl," he said amicably.

"No, thank you."

"Well, let us walk about. I have some-
thing to say to you," said he, offering
his arm.

"I can walk alone."

"Confound it, Helen, you might be
ordinarily civil!"

"Is that what you want to say to me?"
Captain Langton smothered an impa-
tient exclamation. For a little while they
paced the deck in silence, which Helen
seemed determined to make no effort to
break.

"Why couldn't you be honest with me
this morning?" asked Captain Langton at
last.

"Honest with you? I don't under-
stand; explain yourself."

"Why did not you tell me young Col-
lins had proposed?"

"Who said he had?"

"He did."

"He is at liberty to do as he likes,"
said she carelessly. "I may be wrong;
but I thought honest women kept little
triumphs of that sort to themselves."

"But what about our compact?"

"Our compact did not bind me to dupe
you of twenty," she cried, her voice
breaking into passion. "You need not
remind me, George; I know I am acting a
lie! I know and feel to the uttermost
the mean and despicable part I am play-
ing! Yes; and I know that it is of my
own free will that I am in this position."

"Why did you encourage him, Helen?"

"I never encouraged him—never!"

"He thinks you did."

"It is absurd! I thought him a boy,
and treated him as one. I never dreamt
he could mean anything serious. Badly
as you think of me, you must believe me.
He could not see her face, but her tones
and gestures were intensely earnest."

"Be sides," she added, in a low tone, "I do
not care for him, and never can."

At that moment a more pronounced
lurch on the part of the vessel threatened
Helen's equilibrium.

"Hallo! Steady!" cried the Captain.

"I knew you could not manage alone,"
he said, drawing her hand through his
arm.

It was only a brotherly attention, there
was no need for her heart to throb so
wildly; nor for the matter of that was
there any occasion for him to make such
efforts to catch a glimpse of her face in
the glimmering light.

"Then there is no chance for him? He
asked me to use my influence."

He was bending toward her, speaking
eagerly, and seemed anxious for her an-
swer. As she made none, he continued—

"As for caring for him, it seems to
me married people get on very fairly with-
out much of that sort of thing. Perhaps
you like some one else?" he persisted.

"I like myself," she answered impet-
tently at last, "too well to marry a beggar
that is it, George," she went on, slipping
her hand from his arm, and laughing
recklessly, "I have discovered the nature
of Mr. Collins' 'prospects,' and find I
should not be much better off if I married
him than as I am."

"Oh!" ejaculated the Captain, utterly
discomfited by the sudden change in her.

"Is that how the wind blows?"

"What did you say?"

"You intend flying at higher game?"

"If I attempt to fly at all—certainly!"

"Have you any chance of success?"

"Very little; but he who aims at the
sky means higher than he who shoots at
a tree, you know."

"What an odd girl you are! I cannot
make you out!"

"That is scarcely to be wondered at,
seeing that I cannot make myself out.
Good night!"

He watched her till her fluctuating
black draperies vanished from his sight,
then turned to that never-failing comfort-
er and friend, his pipe, and cogitated on
the peculiarities of human nature gener-
ally and of feminine nature particularly.

From that time forth the discerning ob-
server marked a change in the behavior
of the widow. It was clear to the most
apathetic that the hopes of the enamored
Collins had received a death-blow. No
longer was it a pleasing task to contrive
shady nooks for Helen's chair, arrange
her cushions, interpose his umbrella be-
hind her graceful head and the sun, coax
for her a gentle breeze from the languid
lazy hours dream, or read aloud through
the post.

The saloon never echoed now to the
music of their mingled voices raised
in song, and when Helen strolled on deck
sought by himself in a corner, and Helen
sought the protection of the feminine
element, that some adverse current was
interfering with love's course.

"What's up now, Helen?" asked Cap-
tain Langton, seizing a brief opportunity
as she passed him in the companion way.

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THE THREE DEGREES.

When a man takes a loaf of bread,
There's no appealing
To make it anything
But simple stealing.

When some fat bank becomes the aim
Of thieves' assaulting,
And loaded down the cashier's ships,
Then it's defaulting;

But when a higher genius comes
To do the shearing,
And yanks a railroad or a mile,
It's embezzling.

Russia and England.

Said a Russian staff officer to a New York reporter the other day: "The Russian army is composed of 192 infantry regiments of 3,500 men each, or 672,000 men all told; of the sharpshooters, numbering 46,000 men; of the frontier battalions, comprising 27,000 men; of cavalry, 25,000 men, and of Cossacks, numbering 18,000 men. In the Russian artillery there are about 90,000 men, with 2,424 cannon of the foot artillery and 150 cannon of the horse artillery. Our engineer corps comprises about 27,000 men. Therefore the Russian army, ready to move, consists of 930,000 men. Besides, there are the artillerymen stationed at different fortresses all over the country to the number of not less than 50,000 men. There are also many local battalions for local duty. As to the reserves, I may safely state they will amount to a half of the active army as stated above—that is, about 450,000 men and 1,800 cannon. There are also special recruiting forces, composed of experienced officers and men and numbering 6,000, who would be able in a short time to instruct and prepare for service ten times as many new recruits. In the Afghan war the Cossacks would be of great importance. There are the Cossacks of the Don, of the Kuban, of Orenburg, of the Trans-Baikal, of the Terck, of the Ural, of Siberia, of Astrakhan and of the Amoor, numbering 125,000 men, ready to move at short notice.

"Cronstadt is situated on the Kotlin Island, forty-six versts, or about thirty-one miles, from St. Petersburg. There are two channels leading to the capital, one north and the other south from Cronstadt. Both channels are, as it were, virtually closed by the three strategic lines of powerful forts on artificial islands. Now, in order to reach St. Petersburg, the English men-of-war would have to pass between these forts. By a device of our own we may concentrate the fire of at least a hundred cannon at one time, and on any point of those channels. As I have already said, we might easily sink there the combined fleet of all Europe. The cannon we have there are of the heaviest and best made in existence. Some of them could welcome the English with half-ton cannon balls. Our men-of-war might also stand between those forts and act as forts. Besides all that, each channel there is closed by torpedoes.

"Russia is a powerful and solid nation, which expands naturally because of its growth. She will be the master in the East, all English impediments to the contrary notwithstanding. You know, of course, how jealously England watched each of our steps eastward, and how readily she kept even the company of the Sick Man, provided that served her purpose of keeping Russia away from India and Constantinople. But the inevitable must come sooner or later. It seems to me that the hour of English decline is played out. Her future fate we may see in that of Holland. If England should be beaten in Afghanistan her prestige would be ruined, not only in India, but also in all her colonies all over the world. As I said before, in this war Russia puts at stake nothing and England everything."

Lord Garmoye Ready for War.

"Walk in," lisped a feeble treble voice as a Journal reporter knocked at the door of Lord Garmoye's parlor in the Hotel Brunswick yesterday.

The reporter obeyed the summons, and found his Lordship humming "Britannia Rules the Wave," arrayed in the full uniform of a British officer.

"What do you think of my uniform?" asked the newly made Earl, as he wheeled on the heels of his high dragon boots and advanced two paces forward.

Unfortunately he was unaccustomed to the vagaries of a dangle and a dangle, and the faithful implement entangled him so that he fell with a crash, the helmet rolling from his head to the floor.

"No Lud!" shrieked James, his faithful valet, as he rushed forward and picked up his master.

The Earl held the little finger of his right hand up for his valet's inspection. There was a long scratch across the digit, made by the sword scabbard, and the blue blood had begun to flow.

The valet pulled a big bottle of smelling salts under his nose, which restored his Lordship.

"I'm going to the war to fight the Afghans," he lisped, sadly. "I have been appointed a captain in the Sixth North British Dragoons, and this is my full dress uniform. Isn't it pretty? Do you know, I've already seen an Afghan. I went to Barmah and saw him there."

His Lordship will probably leave in a few weeks for the seat of war.—*New York Journal.*

The Eyes of a Bird.

Nature has many surprises for those who wait on her. One of the greatest she ever favored me with was the sight of a wounded Magellanic eagle owl I shot on the Rio Negro, in Patagonia. The haunts of this bird was an island in the river

overgrown with giant grasses and tall willows, leafless now, for it was in the middle of winter. Here I sought for and found him waiting on his perch for the sun to set. He eyed me so calmly when I aimed my gun I scarcely had the heart to pull the trigger. He had reigned there so long, the feudal tyrant of that remote wilderness! Many a water rat, stealing like a shadow along the margin between the deep stream and the giant rushes, he had snatched away to death; many a spotted wild pigeon had woke on its perch at

night with his cruel crooked talons piercing his flesh; and beyond the valley on the bushy uplands many a crested tinamou had been slain on her nest and her beautiful, glossy, dark-green eggs left to grow pale in the sun and wind, the little lives that were in them dead because of their mother's death. But I wanted that bird badly, and hardened my heart; the "demoniacal laughter" with which he had so often answered the rushing sound of the swift black river at eventide would be heard no more. I fired; he swerved on his perch, remained suspended for a few moments, then slowly fluttered down. Behind the spot where he had fallen was a great mass of tangled dark-green grass, out of which rose the tall, slender boles of the trees; overhead, through the fretwork of leafless twigs the sky was flushed with tender roseate tints, for the sun had now gone down and the surface of the earth was in shadow. There, in such a scene, and with the wintry quiet of the desert over it all, I found my victim, stung by his wounds to fury and prepared for the last supreme effort. Even in repose he is a big eagle-like bird; now his appearance was quite altered, and in the dim, uncertain light he looked gigantic in size—a monster of strange form and terrible aspect. Each particular feather stood out on end, the tawny barred tail spread out like a fan, the immense tiger-colored wings wide open and rigid, so that as the bird, that had clutched the grass with his great feathered claws, swayed his body slowly from side to side—just as a snake about to strike away its head, or as an angry, watchful cat moves its tail—raised the tip of one then of the other wing touched the ground. The black horns stood erect, while in the centre of the wheel-shaped head the beak snapped incessantly, producing a sound resembling the clicking of a sewing machine. There was a suitable setting for the pair of magnificent furious eyes, on which I gazed with a kind of fascination not unmixed with fear when I remembered the agony of pain suffered on former occasions from sharp, crooked talons driven into me to the bone. The irides were of a bright orange color, but every time I attempted to approach the bird they kindled into great globes of quivering yellow flame, the black pupils being surrounded by a scintillating crimson light which threw out minute yellow sparks into the air. When I retired from the bird this preternatural fiery aspect would instantly vanish.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

A Queer Newspaper.

La Correspondencia (The Correspondence) of Madrid, Spain, has the largest circulation of any paper published at the capital. Everybody reads it, and, from the universality of its perusal, it is facetiously called the "Spanish night-cap," because no one is supposed to have gone to bed without having read it entirely through. And it must be read through, for it is the most extraordinary hodgepodge and olla podrida ever printed as a newspaper. It is a newspaper rather than a paper of opinion. The staff consists of a dozen bright reporters and no editor. The reporters scour the capital and pick up every item of interest, cabinet resignations, the accident to your washerwoman, the illness of the king, the latest earthquake news, the price of eggs, the opening of a new cafe, a Carlist rising in the north, the burglary of a shop, an excursion party's adventures in the mountains, the latest club scandal, the running away of a horse, a convention of wine merchants—being put in, in fact, that occurs and can be put in print. This is *La Correspondencia*. The reporters bring in their news like so many bees coming home laden with honey. They put their copy, written at the clubs, or hastily pencilled in memorandum books on the streets, into a black leather bag at the office. When the composing room runs out of copy to set, the foreman goes to the black bag and helps himself to a handful of manuscript. It is all set and all printed without any regard to order or typographical display. You read it because you know that in its crowded columns is everything of note occurring at the capital. You read every line, for, if you skip at all, the very bit of news you want may be the one skipped. The circulation of this paper is rated at 200,000 daily, and on occasion at 300,000. It is the vivid portrait of Madrid life; the doings of the world of Spain are pictured in its pages. Nothing is too small, nothing too great for the reporters of *La Correspondencia*. It is the ideal newspaper, composed of news pure and simple.—*Boston Herald.*

National Encampment, G. A. R.

An elegant and very tasteful circular, bearing on the corner the time-honored badge of the G. A. R. in bronze and colors, comes to us from the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route." It presents to the veterans all necessary information about the various attractive routes it offers to the National Encampment at Portland, June 24th, and is of unusual public interest. The inducements to an Eastern trip, combining a visit to old friends, and attendance upon the largest and most notable military reunion since the war, are irresistible.

Members of the G. A. R. and W. R. C., their families, and such bands and other organizations as may accompany them, can purchase of the Michigan Central, at the lowest rates, round trip tickets to Portland and return, good for thirty days, and with the privilege of stopping over on the return trip. The first route takes them right through in about forty-one hours via Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Albany and Boston, and will be taken by the Commander-in-Chief and staff, whose special train will leave Chicago, Toledo and Detroit on the 30th. This route has the advantage of the finest views of Niagara from the train, the grand scenery of the Berkshire mountains, and the historic city of Boston.

The second route takes them through the wild, wonderful scenery of Canada by the new line of the Canadian Pacific, via Ottawa, to Montreal, thence past Memphremagog and other lovely New England lakes, by the only line running through the heart of the White Mountains to Portland. This route takes them through the simplest tunc. She's so 'out of practice, and can't remember a note.' She remembers all the fool things I used to say to her, and throws them at me pat enough when I don't happen to agree with her views of life, but when it comes to remembering the accomplishments that bought out the compliments, she can't be depended on. What a pity it is that young people can't go on courting always, resting satisfied with the assurance that their respective parents were married.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

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